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NEIL ARMSTRONG JUNIOR HIGH

THREE YEARS WITH THE POETS

THREE YEARS WITH THE POETS

A Text-Book of Poetry

TO BE MEMORIZED BY CHILDREN
DURING THE FIRST YEARS
IN SCHOOL

COMPILED BY
BERTHA HAZARD

Granger Index Reprint Series

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TO

E. J. W.

WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF HER UNFAILING SYMPATHY AND HELP
DURING THESE TEN YEARS
OF PLEASANT WORK
TOGETHER.

FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER

In recognition of the fact that there are already in existence various excellent collections of poetry for children, and that still another would therefore seem to be quite unnecessary, it is perhaps fitting that this little book should present itself with due apology for its existence. It might be better, however, to acknowledge frankly that this present volume does not claim to be a "collection" at all, in the ordinary sense of the word. Rather is it a text-book of poetry, limited in its scope by the needs and interests of the first school years, and aiming only to be an introduction to the real anthologies for children, the larger and more complete collections. It is hoped that it may serve as the first "study-book" which a little child should be asked to use, and that as such it may correlate to advantage with the reading-books, and with the oral lessons in botany or history or geography of the lower primary grades.

There is perhaps a grain of truth in the assertion that the so-called modern methods of education forget to train the memory. Certainly every teacher, conservative or progressive, would agree that facility in memorizing is most valuable, and that as one step

towards acquiring this facility, the youngest children should be accustomed to learn each week at least a few lines of poetry. But for most teachers, "memory gems," good perhaps in themselves, but chosen at random, without special reference to the child's school life, are no longer satisfactory. The poetry to be learned in school should follow the children's other interests in work and play, thus helping to make vivid every other subject, and becoming itself a vital part of the day's pleasure. Moreover, the poems should be sufficiently numerous to allow freedom of choice, and they should usually be short enough to be learned by the greater part of the class in a single week.

One word more as to the working plan of the book. Children dearly love a task, provided only that it is definite, and interesting, and not beyond their powers. They like to know where they are journeying in the land of books, and a simple show of purpose and system will usually appeal to them. The Calendar of the year's work, which serves instead of index, gives a list of ten Required Poems which the slowest and most undeveloped little persons can probably be induced to learn, month by month. In every class, there will be an appreciable number of children, however, who cannot do more than this, who could not usually learn the required poem well in less time than the whole of the month to which it belongs, but to whom the proud consciousness of duty performed should not be denied. On the other hand,

many children could do more than this, and some few could even learn a new poem each week, thus acquiring some forty poems during the school year. The Elective series of thirty poems offers full scope for the zealous activities of these quicker minds, while the Supplementary Rhymes and Poems which follow may be useful as substitutes where shorter tasks are needed, or where additional freedom of choice is desired. Many children are interested in a visible record of work done, and for these it may be of value to allow them to write in the Calendar the dates of the days when the different poems have been successfully recited.

It should be added that no poem has been allowed its place in the series without having been first "tried on," and found pleasant and profitable for the year for which it has been chosen. With sympathetic and persistent encouragement, the love of poetry develops rapidly in children, and their ability to commit to memory grows astonishingly. Although at first glance it might seem that forty poems such as those which have been chosen represent too great a task for a single year, yet, as a matter of fact and experience, they have been found wholly possible, except of course for the natural omissions which must befall through absence. The course as given for each year includes nothing which children have not done gladly and with steadily increasing appreciation of the pleasure to be found in books.

My thanks are due to the following authors for

cordial permission to use the poems mentioned: to Mrs. M. A. L. Lane, for "Hilda's Christmas;" to Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller for "The Bluebird" and "Little May;" to Miss Emilie Poulsson for "The First Christmas" and "While Stars of Christmas shine;" to Miss Mary McDowell for her "Civic Creed;" and to Mrs. Blanche Wilder Bellamy for her translation of a poem by Victor Hugo.

I am also indebted to D. Appleton and Company for permission to use two poems of William Cullen Bryant; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Wind," "Autumn Fires," "Bed in Summer," "In Winter-Time," and "The Sun's Travels," all taken from "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson; to the same firm for "A Norse Lullaby" and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," from "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field (copyright, 1892); to The Century Company for the use of "A Cradle Song," by Richard Watson Gilder, and "The Sea-Princess," by Katherine Pyle; to Little, Brown, and Company for two poems by Helen Hunt Jackson; also to the editor of "The Journal of Education" for "A Hint," by Anna M. Pratt.

BERTHA HAZARD.

August, 1904.

CALENDAR

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THREE YEARS WITH THE POETS

FIRST YEAR — REQUIRED POEMS

SEPTEMBER

AUTUMN FIRES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

OCTOBER

THE WIND

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

NOVEMBER

PRAYING AND LOVING

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

From *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

DECEMBER

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

EMILIE POULSSON

Once a little baby lay
Cradled on the fragrant hay,
  Long ago on Christmas;
Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,
Wond'ring cattle stood around,
  Long ago on Christmas.

By the shining vision taught,
Shepherds for the Christ-child sought,
  Long ago on Christmas.
Guided in a starlit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
  Long ago on Christmas.

And to-day the whole glad earth
Praises God for that Child's birth,
  Long ago on Christmas;
For the Life, the Truth, the Way
Came to bless the earth that day,
  Long ago on Christmas.

JANUARY

WINTER–TIME

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Late lies the wintry sun abed
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

FEBRUARY

THE SNOW-BIRD

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

When all the ground with snow is white,
The merry snow-bird comes,
And hops about with great delight
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat
A piece of cake or bread!
He wears no shoes upon his feet,
No hat upon his head!

But happiest is he, I know,
Because no cage with bars
Keeps him from walking in the snow
And printing it with stars.

MARCH

THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

APRIL

VERSES *from* THE SONG OF SOLOMON

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

MAY

PIPPA'S SONG

From *Pippa Passes*

ROBERT BROWNING

The year 's at the spring
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hillside 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world!

JUNE

ARIEL'S SONG

From *The Tempest*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
  Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
  Under the blossom that hangs on the
    bough!

SEPTEMBER

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW

JANE TAYLOR

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

AN AUTUMN RIDDLE

I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around her head.
When she grows old
She is hard and cannot feel,
So they take her to the mill,
And grind her into meal.

LULLABY

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

OCTOBER

LADY MOON

LORD HOUGHTON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I 'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

MILKING TIME

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey 's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny,
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

ALICE CARY

Good old Mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grisly beards, and thin;

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts,
Now, have you such to spare?

NOVEMBER

GOOD–NIGHT

VICTOR HUGO

Good-night! Good-night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good-night! Good-night!

AN OLD GAELIC CRADLE–SONG

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils among the din,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the waves roar hoarse and deep!
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows,
But baby sleeps at home.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
  And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
  Like the Heaven above.

DECEMBER

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children,
That round the table go,
And all your kin and kinsmen
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.

AN OLD ENGLISH CAROL

Sing high, sing low,
Sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed,
Cry out and shout,
All round about,
That Christ is born indeed!

"WHILE STARS OF CHRISTMAS SHINE"

EMILIE POULSSON

While stars of Christmas shine,
  Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
  Beam from our eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
  Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words,
  All love and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
  And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
  For love's dear sake.

JANUARY

THE MONTHS

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN

January snowy, February flowy, March blowy;
April showery, May flowery, June bowery;
July moppy, August croppy, September poppy;
October breezy, November wheezy, December freezy.

A HINT

ANNA M. PRATT

If you should frown, and I should frown,
While walking out together,
The happy folk about the town
Would say, "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile, and I should smile,
While walking out together,
Sad folk would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

A CHILL

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

What can lambkins do
  All the keen night through?
Nestle by their woolly mother,
  The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
  In the nightly dew?
Sleep beneath their mother's wing
  Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
  There might only be
Such a warm, soft sleeping-place
  Found for me!

FEBRUARY

AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

WINTER

PHILIP H. SAVAGE

When February sun shines cold,
There comes a day when in the air
The wings of winter slow unfold
And show the golden summer there.

KING AND QUEEN

(A VALENTINE)

Lilies are white,
Rosemary's green;
When you are king,
I will be queen.

Roses are red,
Lavender's blue;
If you will have me,
I will have you.

MARCH

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE CATERPILLAR

I creep upon the ground, and the children say,
"You ugly old thing!" and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say,
"The fellow is dead; we'll throw him away."

At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.

NEIL ARMSTRONG JUNIOR HIGH

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

APRIL

My name is April, sir, and I
Often laugh, as often cry;
And I cannot tell what makes me,
Only, as the fit o'ertakes me,
I must dimple, smile, and frown,
Laughing, though the tears roll down.
But 't is nature, sir, not art,
And I 'm happy at my heart.

THE RUNAWAY BROOK

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.
"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.
But I will run after,
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."
So Mary ran after,
But I have heard say
That she never could tell
Where the brook ran away.

LITTLE MAY

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is breaking, —
When 't is done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May, —
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call:
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,"
Night and day,
Little May.

MAY

THE CITY CHILD

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and king-cups and honeysuckle flowers."

BED IN SUMMER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Pretty flowers, tell me why
  All your leaves do open wide,
Every morning, when on high
  The noble sun begins to ride?
This is why, my children dear,
  If you would the reason know;

For betimes the pleasant air
  Very cheerfully does blow:
And the birds on every tree
  Sing a very merry tune,
And the little honey-bee
  Comes to suck her sugar soon:
This is all the reason why
  I my little leaves undo;
Children, children, wake and try
  If I have not told you true.

JUNE

SUMMER

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Winter is cold-hearted,
  Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weathercock
  Blown every way:
Summer days for me
  When every leaf is on its tree.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The sun is not abed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

THE SHEPHERD

WILLIAM BLAKE

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

FIRST YEAR—SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS AND RHYMES

THE WEATHER

If the evening 's red, and the morning gray,
It is the sign of a bonnie day;
If the evening 's gray and the morning 's red,
The lamb and the ewe will go wet to bed.

WHAT EVERY ONE KNOWS

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise;
For early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to be healthy,
And wealthy, and wise.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Seldom "can't,"
  Seldom "don't;"
Never "shan't,"
  Never "won't."

SING-SONG

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Rushes in a watery place,
  And reeds in a hollow;
A soaring skylark in the sky,
  There a darting swallow;
Where pale blossoms used to hang
  Ripe fruit to follow.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

JANE TAYLOR

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She 'll do me no harm.

So I 'll not pull her tail,
  Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
  Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
  And I 'll give her some food;
And she 'll love me, because
  I am gentle and good.
. . . . . .
I never will vex her,
  Nor make her displeased,
For Puss does n't like
  To be worried or teased.

CRADLE SONG

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Ere the moon begins to rise
  Or a star to shine,
All the bluebells close their eyes —
  So close thine,
    Thine, dear, thine!

Birds are sleeping in the nest
  On the swaying bough,
Thus, against the mother's breast —
  So sleep thou —
    Sleep, sleep, thou!

SEWING

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I 'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pine;
They are so long and slender,
And somewhere in full view,
She has her threads of cobweb,
And a thimbleful of dew.

THE DANDELION

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

THE SEA PRINCESS

KATHERINE PYLE

In a garden of shining sea-weed,
Set round with twisted shells,
Under the deeps of the ocean,
The little sea princess dwells.

Sometimes she sees the shadow
Of a great whale passing by,
Or a white-winged vessel sailing
Between the sea and sky.

Without the palace, her sea-horse
Feeds in his crystal stall,
And fishes, with scales that glisten,
Come leaping forth at her call.

And when the day has faded
From over the lonesome deep,
In a shell as smooth as satin
The princess is rocked to sleep.

CUNNING BEE

Said a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee, with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
"So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

From *The Song of Hiawatha*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,

Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet."

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet;
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,

"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

. . . . .

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of wealth
And autumn's best of cheer.

OCTOBER

JACK FROST

CELIA THAXTER

Rustily creak the crickets: Jack Frost came down last night,
He slid to the earth on a star-beam, keen and sparkling and bright;
He sought in the grass for crickets with delicate icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near.

NOVEMBER

SNOWFLAKES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Out of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow
    Descends the snow.

DECEMBER

AS JOSEPH WAS A-WALKING

AN OLD ENGLISH CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-night
Of Christ our heavenly King.
His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.
He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.
He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair, white linen
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.
Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For his star it shineth clear.

JANUARY

WINTER

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse and the plump dor-
mouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

FEBRUARY

A FABLE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I 'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I 'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

MARCH

MARCH

CELIA THAXTER

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window-sill!
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?
Bless me! it is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

APRIL

SPRING

CELIA THAXTER

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.
The little birds fly over,
  And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
  That once again 't is spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.
And buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
  The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
  As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
  All fair in white and gold.
Here blows the warm red clover,
  There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
  God made them all for you.

MAY

SONG OF THE FAIRY

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Over hill, over dale,
  Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
  Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favours —
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

JUNE

A MORNING SONG

From *Cymbeline*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

SEPTEMBER

LADY-BIRD

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they 'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

THE BABIE

HUGH MILLER

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face —
We 're glad she has nae wings.

THE TREE

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting
their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost,
sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

OCTOBER

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The city mouse lives in a house; —
  The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He 's friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; —
  The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
  Poor little timid furry man.

CRADLE SONG

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In the embers shining bright
A garden grows for thy delight,
With roses yellow, red, and white.

But, O my child, beware, beware!
Touch not the roses growing there,
For every rose a thorn doth bear!

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,

Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

. . . . .

NOVEMBER

THE FIR-TREE

EDITH M. THOMAS

O singing Wind
Searching field and wood,
Canst thou find
Aught that 's sweet or good, —
Flowers, to kiss awake,
Or dewy grass, to shake,
Or feathered seed
Aloft to speed?

Replies the wind:
"I cannot find
Flowers, to kiss awake,
Or dewy grass to shake,
Or feathered seed
Aloft to speed;
Yet I meet
Something sweet,
When the scented fir, —
Balsam-breathing fir —
In my flight I stir.

THE WINTER ROBIN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Now is that sad time of year
When no flower or leaf is here;
When in misty Southern ways
Oriole and jay have flown,
And of all sweet birds, alone
The robin stays.

So give thanks at Christmas-tide;
Hopes of springtime yet abide!
See, in spite of darksome days,
Wind and rain and bitter chill,
Snow, and sleet-hung branches, still
The robin stays!

THANKSGIVING-DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood, —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

. . . . . .

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving-Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate!
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood;
Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

DECEMBER

VERSES FROM SAINT LUKE

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS–TIME [1]

CHARLES DICKENS

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women and little children seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say, "God bless Christmas."

[1] Slightly altered.

JANUARY

A NORSE LULLABY

EUGENE FIELD

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north
to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing;
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep —
What shall you fear when I am here?
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song *I* sing the best —
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, a-next my heart.
Sleep, little one, sleep."

A FAREWELL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

FEBRUARY

THE SNOWDROP

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!

TO A CHILD

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one.
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
  By Thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
  "God save the State!"

MARCH

LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

MARCH

LUCY LARCOM

March! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

. . . . . .

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you — March!

THE FOUR WINDS

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;

For 't is the wind who sweeps the sky,
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 't is the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose,
For 't is the wind to her who speaks
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn 's out its cup;
For 't is the wind who takes it out
And plants an oak somewhere about.

APRIL

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they 're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together;
Then the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

THE BLUEBIRD

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary, —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you 'll hear what he 's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!
Little white snowdrop, I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantle of purple and gold!
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank, over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
  Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
  Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
  Over bank and over brae,
  Hie away, hie away!

MAY

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FIRST FAIRY

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

  Philomel, with melody
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
  Never harm,
  Nor spell, nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh!
  So good-night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

THE FAIRIES

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,

With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He 's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

. . . . . .

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His night is the noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

JUNE

A BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

. . . . . .

SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELOW

There 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I 've said my " seven times " over and over:
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better, —
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright, ah bright! but your light is failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you 'll soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you 're a dusty fellow ;
You 've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it, —
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

WISHING

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Ring-ting ! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring !
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king !

Nay — stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

O — no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

HUMILITY

ROBERT HERRICK

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.

AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

An emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone,
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

THE EAGLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

VIOLETS

JOHN MOULTRIE

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may
be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the
violet hath been.

TO VIOLETS

ROBERT HERRICK

Welcome, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You 're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie
Poor girls, neglected.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS

ROBERT HERRICK

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before:
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

THE BROWN THRUSH

LUCY LARCOM

There 's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
He 's singing to me! He 's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world 's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I 'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I 'm glad! now I 'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

"Oh, the world 's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

THE DANDELIONS

HELEN GRAY CONE

On a showery night and still,
Without a word of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
But at the dawn their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot
Till one day, idly walking,
We spied upon the self-same spot,
A crowd of veterans, talking.
They shook their hoary heads and gray,
With pride and noiseless laughter,
Till, well-a-day, they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after.

THE LOST DOLL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

From *The Song of Hiawatha*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

SEPTEMBER

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining.

. . . . . .

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

NOVEMBER

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

DECEMBER

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

NAHUM TATE

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

JANUARY

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

FEBRUARY

WINTER RAIN

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Every valley drinks,
  Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
  Green of spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks,
  Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
  In the woods and hedges.
. . . . . .

But for fattening rain
  We should have no flowers;
Never a bud or leaf again
  But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird
  In the rocking tree-tops;
Never indeed a flock or herd
  To graze upon the lea-crops;
. . . . . .

We should find no moss
  In the shadiest places;

Find no waving meadow-grass
  Pied with broad-eyed daisies ;

But miles of barren sand,
  With never a son or daughter,
Not a lily on the land,
  Or lily on the water.

MARCH

MARCH

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

. . . . . .

APRIL

WILD GEESE

CELIA THAXTER

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds
sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy
dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children
dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, " It is spring!
It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where
lately lay the snow,
O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the
crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins
swing,
And the sweet song-sparrow cries, " Spring!
It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through
the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so
wild and high!

Like a peal of broken bells, — kling, klang,
kling, —
Far and high the wild geese cry, " Spring!
It is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese
dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from
here;
Chase the snow into the North, O strong of
heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, cry-
ing, " Spring! It is spring!"

MAY

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

. . . . . .

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

. . . . . .

JUNE

RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

. . . . . .

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

. . . . . .

SEPTEMBER

DON'T GIVE UP

PHŒBE CARY

If you 've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that 's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That 's the test that tries you!

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

FRIENDS

L. G. WARNER

North wind came whistling through the wood,
Where the tender, sweet things grew.
The tall fair ferns and the maiden's hair,
And the gentle gentians blue,
"It is very cold; are we growing old?"
They sighed, "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves, —
"We must help," they whispered low.
"They are frightened and weak, O brave old trees!
But we love you well, you know."

And the trees said, "We are strong — make
haste!
Down to the darlings go."

So the leaves went floating, floating down,
All yellow and brown and red,
And the frail little trembling, thankful things
Lay still and were comforted.
And the blue sky smiled through the bare
old trees
Down on their safe warm bed.

OCTOBER

INDIAN SUMMER

From *The Eve of Election*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

ROBIN REDBREAST

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!
For summer 's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;

Our thrushes now are silent,
  Our swallows flown away, —
But Robin 's here, in coat of brown,
  And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
  O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
  In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
  The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
  But soon they 'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
  Hang russet on the bough;
It 's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
  'T will soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
  O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
  For pinching days are near.

. . . . . .

The fire-side for the cricket,
  The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
  And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
  The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
  Where can poor Robin go?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing, —
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

NOVEMBER

NO!

THOMAS HOOD

No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon!
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no "t'other side the way,"
. . . . . .
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees —
No — vember!

NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

. . . . . .

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS CAROL

ROBERT HERRICK

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?

. . . . .

Dark, dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day,
That sees December turned to May.

. . . . . .

Why does the chilling winter morn
Smile like a field beset with corn;
Or smell like to a mead new-shorn
Thus on the sudden? Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be.
'T is He is born, whose quickening birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

. . . . . .

The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,

Which we will give Him, and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do him honor who 's our King,
And Lord of all our revelling.

HILDA'S CHRISTMAS

M. A. L. LANE

Standing apart from the childish throng,
Little Hilda was silent and sad;
She could not join in the happy song,
She could not echo the voices glad.

"What can I do on Christmas day?
I am so little and we are so poor,"
She said to herself in a dreary way;
"I wish there was never a Christmas more."

"Mother is sick and father can't know
How children talk of their gifts and joy,
Or he 'd surely try, he loves me so,
To get me just one single toy."

"But Christmas is n't for what you get,"
She heard a small, sweet, tender voice, —
"It 's for what you give," said wee Janet,
And the words made Hilda's heart rejoice.

"It is n't our birthday," went on the mite,
"It is Christ's, you know; and I think he'd
say
If he were to talk with us to-night
That he 'd wish us to keep it his own way."

A plan came into Hilda's head;
It seemed to her she could hardly wait.
"I can't give nice things," she bravely said,
"But I 'll do what I can to celebrate."

"I can give the baby a day of fun;
I can take my plant to the poor, lame boy;
I can do mother's errands — every one;
And my old kite I can mend for Roy.

"I can read to father and save his eyes;
I can feed the birds in the locust grove;
I can give the squirrels a fine surprise;
And Grandma shall have a letter of love."

Now when that busy day was done,
And tired Hilda crept to bed,
She forgot that she had no gift of her own, —
"What a lovely Christmas it was!" she said.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

. . . . . .

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

JANUARY

THE FOUR WINDS

From *The Song of Hiawatha*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"
With a shout exclaimed the people,
"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wir
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!"
Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

WABUN, THE EAST-WIND

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,

He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

KABIBONOKKA, THE NORTH-WIND

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

SHAWONDASEE, THE SOUTH-WIND

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,

In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

. . . . . .

Thus the Four Winds were divided;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

FEBRUARY

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think:
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

CIVIC CREED[1]

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children, — brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

[1] Slightly altered from the Civic Creed, as written by Miss Mary McDowell for the children and young people of the University Settlement, Chicago, Illinois.

MY NATIVE LAND

From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own — my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

MARCH

GREEK CHILDREN'S SONG

The swallow has come again
Across the wide, white sea;
She sits and sings through the falling rain,
"O March, my beloved March!
And thou, sad February,
Though still you may cover with snow the plain,
You yet smell sweet of the spring!"

SPRING HAS COME

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The sunbeams, lost for half a year,
Slant through my pane their morning rays;
For dry northwesters cold and clear,
The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
Then, close against the sheltering wall,
The tulip's horn of dusky green,
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus-blades appear;
The corn-beaked hyacinth returns
To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

. . . . . .

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

. . . . . .

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

. . . . . .

DAYBREAK

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

. . . . . .

APRIL

APRIL AND MAY

From *May-Day*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May,
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What joy in rosy waves outpoured
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

MAY

THE GREENWOOD TREE

From *As You Like It*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

THE BROOK

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

PEBBLES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Out of a pellucid brook
Pebbles round and smooth I took:
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun, —
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx too,
Diamond and amethyst, —
Not a precious stone I missed:
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.
Workman Water these had made;
Patiently through sun and shade,
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them until,
Smooth, symmetrical, and bright,
Each one sparkling in the light

Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing:
Patience conquers everything!

JUNE

BEFORE THE RAIN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
  A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
  The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
  Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

THE RAINBOW — A RIDDLE

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
  High over the tranquil sea;
In a moment it unfurls
  Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship with swelling sail
  May pass beneath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, 't is too frail,
  And with your quick approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes;
  What it is made of nobody knows.

BUGLE SONG

From *The Princess*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls,
  And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
  And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

THIRD YEAR — SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS AND RHYMES

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O say, can you see by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-
light's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-
ing in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists
of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation !
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "*In God is our trust*;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA D. HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God!

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-
dred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps,
I can read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

. . . . . .

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

A SEA-SONG

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I 'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

JAMES T. FIELDS

We were crowdèd in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers, —
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the moon was shining clear.

MY JEAN

ROBERT BURNS

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers—
I see her sweet and fair.
I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
I hear her charm the air.
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-
light appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, — it has sung
for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has
heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
bird.

'T is a note of enchantment; what ails her?
She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury
glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes!

WINTER AND SPRING

From *The Song of Hiawatha*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,

At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses;
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to the guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"
While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"
Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.
Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

LONGER POEMS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

FIRST YEAR

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

EDWARD LEAR

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married,— too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

PICCOLA

CELIA THAXTER

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;
Their little darling no joy might stir,
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas-day,
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air,
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild:
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

NIKOLINA

CELIA THAXTER

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her —
The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
Oh, her eyes are blue as corn-flowers 'mid the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

Oh, buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,
And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;
She 'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
But no word of your speech can understand.

Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,
Breaking off their scarlet cups for you,
With spikes of slender larkspur, brightly blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing —
Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her —
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she 's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.

LITTLE GUSTAVA

CELIA THAXTER

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"
Gustava feeds her, — she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs!
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk:
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 't is joy to feed,
And oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

SUMMER WOODS

MARY HOWITT

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see, —
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true-love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill.

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old, —
Great joy it was to me!

And down into the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads
As if in heartsome cheer:
They spake unto these little things,
"'T is merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
'Mong men for *mine and thine.*

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the greenwood tree.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

MARY HOWITT

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I have been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary, —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small:
But oh, the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I 'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill.

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dark
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh, the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She 'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I 've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones,
That round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill-top
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was
And how merry the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I 'm tired as I can be."

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,

And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to his saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather-cock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE BELL OF ATRI

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,

Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,

With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!

Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace was born."

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

. . . . . .

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw;
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;

White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
Hear him call his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice, new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie,
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;

Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link;
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

IN THE HAUNTS OF BASS AND BREAM

MAURICE THOMPSON

Dreams come true, and everything
Is fresh and lusty in the spring.

In groves that smell like ambergris,
Wind-songs, bird-songs, never cease.

Go with me down by the stream,
Haunt of bass and purple bream;

Feel the pleasure, keen and sweet,
When the cool waves lap your feet;

Catch the breath of moss and mould,
Hear the grosbeak's whistle bold;

See the heron all alone
Midstream on a slippery stone,

Or, on some decaying log,
Spearing snail or water-frog.

See the shoals of sun-perch shine
Among the pebbles smooth and fine,

Whilst the sprawling turtles swim
In the eddies cool and dim!

The busy nuthatch climbs his tree,
Around the great bole spirally,

Peeping into wrinkles gray,
Under ruffled lichens gay,

Lazily piping one sharp note
From his silver mailèd throat;

And down the wind the catbird's song
A slender medley trails along.

Here a grackle chirping low,
There a crested vireo;

Deep in tangled underbrush
Flits the shadowy hermit-thrush;

Coos the dove, the robin trills,
The crow caws from the airy hills;

Purple finch and pewee gray,
Bluebird, swallow, oriole gay, —

Every tongue of Nature sings;
The air is palpitant with wings.

Halcyon prophecies come to pass
In the haunts of bream and bass.

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream.
. . . . . .
Halcyon laughs and cuckoo cries;
Through its leaves the plane-tree sighs.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Here a glow and there a gleam;

Coolness all about me creeping,
Fragrance all my senses steeping, —

Spicewood, sweet-gum, sassafras,
Calamus and water-grass,

Giving up their pungent smells,
Drawn from Nature's secret wells;

On the cool breath of the morn,
Perfume of the cock-spur thorn,

Green spathes of the dragon-root,
Indian turnip's tender shoot,

Dogwood, red-bud, elder, ash,
Snowy gleam and purple flash,

Hillside thickets, densely green,
That the partridge revels in!

. . . . . .

Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;

Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.

A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.

I see a striped squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple root;

A bumblebee with mail all rust,
And thighs puffed out with anther-dust,

Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.

. . . . . .

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

TRUE LOVE REQUITED; OR, THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD

There was a youth, and a well belovd youth,
And he was an esquire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And his love he had not seen,
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me."

All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play;
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of gray,
And put on her puggish attire;
She 's up to fair London gone,
Her true-love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
At length came riding by.

She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring:
"I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb."

"I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born?"
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She 's dead, sir, long ago."

"Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow;
I will into some far countrey,
Where no man doth me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
She 's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride."

"O farewel grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more!
For now I have seen my own true-love,
That I thought I should have seen no more."

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

From *Marmion*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, —
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CASABIANCA

FELICIA D. HEMANS

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud — "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! Must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
  The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
  Was that young faithful heart.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A train band captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
  "Though married we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That 's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! He rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down,
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here 's the house,"
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say, why bare headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit;
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit."

"But let me scrape the dust away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallopp'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The rumbling of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way,
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;"
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

ROBERT BROWNING

I

Hamelin Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the
pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon!
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as the bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It 's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate

A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,

And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm
mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.

HELPS FOR THE DAY'S WORK

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Be not simply good, be good for something.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

ECCLESIASTES IX, 10.

To look up and not down;
To look forward and not back;
To look out and not in;
And
To lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
Motto of the Lend-a-Hand Club

A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

If one life shine, the life next to it will catch the light.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Shine like the sun in every corner.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it 's little.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Square thyself for use. A stone that may
Fit in the wall is not left by the way.

PERSIAN PROVERB.

Work apace, apace, apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

THOMAS DEKKER.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it.

HORACE MANN.

All that 's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

PHŒBE CARY.

I intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

It never will rain roses; if you want more roses, you must plant more rose-trees.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Do the duty that lies nearest to thee.

GOETHE.

When Duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting better up to best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through Heaven endure.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Patience is power. With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

EASTERN PROVERB.

For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.

EDMUND SPENSER.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

Speak every man truth with his neighbor.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS IV, 25.

Dare to be true;
Nothing can need a lie;
The fault that needs one most
Grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

This above all — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

There 's nothing so kingly as kindness,
There 's nothing so royal as truth.

He who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

ALICE CARY.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The gentler born the maiden, the more bound to be sweet and serviceable.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Be ye kind, one to another, tender-hearted.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS IV, 32.

Keep thy tongue from evil.

PSALMS XXXIV, 13.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

PROVERBS XV, 1.

A word and a stone once let go cannot be recalled.

The secret of being lovely is being unselfish.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

They who travel with By-and-by
Soon come to the house of Never.

To-day, to-day, to-day.

JOHN RUSKIN'S MOTTO.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

I would rather be right than President.

HENRY CLAY.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

White for purity, red for valor, blue for justice. . . . the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save.

GAY.

Abraham Lincoln's heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it for the memory of a wrong.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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Hazard, Bertha

Three years with the poets

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